Holding for Sailor-Smiths's Songs

A Chapbook

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The personality of a flower

dull leather boots paused for gravity
storming through the equator
like lost battle frogs and hymns
and marketed persuasion
where young musicians soften with age
and miracle births do not denote the passage

I am a bitter melodious villain
of scars and patters of ghost willow walls
peace cannot find an arbitrary caustic sponge
no longer do we suffer just at home
but we have exported our unkindness
to nations near and far for the last maker

On contrary trouble-stations
making our way home on ice scales
forget the clown make-up
and the forever lasting string quartet
let the trees break into the house at night
allow the bark into my dreams so soft
brittle microscopes daunting the neighbors

patch me up with Velcro waist-binding
never let them sing of miracles
not upon this Earth's dance patio
not at the summer fair or poor-legged sout
of giving sticks and partridge gains in the silo

unmade fellow gatherers fishing off the falls
there was no voice that they could ululate attracting
no connectivity to imitate an emotive shelter
just their drinking bar-face scattered on a map
catching one fish after another after another
totem leakage laughing at the solstice mother

He gave another appearance of dreams

In the stifled ground simmering on a rope
to tug the ambassador of scopes
into a package desalination
where sisters take you before a fitted fire
neither to distract you from a distance
or dream a made-up counter-fish

Just walking past a distilled lake
intended for Pepsi bottles and cheese
never did you sing unrath tidings
like lost songs of our young wanderings
making up the driveway with cameras
and escaping timepieces smashed on traffic lights
here bellicose storms stored keep you indoors
not on this hill of buried sun shadows

Haben Girma sings shadows into place

In honor of Haben Girma

a mission of knighthood
Braille on a tightrope
here, comes a lost world
not listening to the speaker
at last a knight rises
to turn the shadows
inside out and the only sound
remaining is the singing of shadows
where the stars come out
now where before marriages did not work
all homes are devoid of violence
half shares bring the birds to the trumpet
of unperturbed angels brightening the world

Dispassionate Violin

the incorrect interpretation of country scenery
the slow pulse of magnified beauty
bleeding through the carousel
no doubt to become legend, timeless
no sense of self or the artist
in the untempered minds of the public
they will never see the forest for the sea
in all its abrasions or lambaste swimming posts
demarcated in homes, and the tin shelf
of yesterday's jewelry

Last thoughts of a 6 year-old murdered by an Israeli sniper

Am I getting too close to the barrier?
Sister said not to get too close.
Mother-Sister, now that Mom and Dad are gone.
I should not have kicked the ball into the wind.
I should

The Unreliable Narrators of Capital

superiors not communicating policy with superiors
the highest ranks of diplomacy not remembering what they said
dependents thrown under foot, as though it were a race
soldiers intentionally confused to bruise their confidence
so that they believe there is nothing else they can do
and remain in the lower ranks for all of their careers

cultivated surveyors of reliance to feed at their hooves
punishment for following orders, upon the wind tunnels,
the changes of political attributes upon dimes upon donkeys
never too afraid to force a dependent to suffer for a broken bit
to let out the horses of malnourishment and flock the benefits
too appeased to let the winter come gracefully, but instead,
to lock the sounding doors of economic psychology
and imprison those few voices who might find a way out

harvested fabrics like falling *Saponaria* pines

tinged gjöd magnets like triads in dime supply mines
cordial as a hornet's nest hanging from the testes of an elephant
fornical advocate alieved with the grief of counselors
stripped and partial stepped stoneways headed to the long-wind
there are straits that last a lifetime, there are straits that last a feast
but the thieves of Amsterdam know the blood of hormogone sheathes
bashed presence under to forestepping moon, elixirs withered stems strong

like frail and obstinate factories folding for sailor-smiths's trails
neither here nor where sanctioned renderings of smiles go north
just the tail of a dove on a long journey from God's heathered house
forever in the consummate tractor pulling laughing gas tool-making
nocturnal and engrossed in mass behavior, mistaking working mediums,
mistaking feminism for capitalist qualms on the brisked abyss of losing rails
here to seek out a familiarity on tailored swans destroying the alignment
the tattered structure of lost ponds in the neck of Mother-God's loose chaparral
never leave a journey home for a drink of water, where camps go north inside to seethe
nor betray a loved one on a resting man's journal, resting long-fiendish marching pathe to grieve

Taken to the crescent falls

Talking to donkeys, dire straight angles
where pheasants pass along a bladed course,
trinary trumpets slowing with esteem
do not want you in the way of the wedding

There are houses that grow on ascetic stumbling iron

Where there was once a stall of apricot horses
small and smiling in the corner of celestial blocs,
there was no transgressor more illuminated than time,
no doorway, to marked-pierced wraparound
dogging the persuaded peacetime ocean,
just lifted weights under daunts of asperate conjecture,
meed where no vacuum of saluting migrants go wasping,
just a dusk retrieval and a doctored measured neck,
open to a ghost-like pattern standing behind a lost paltry chime

Tethered Oaks

under mass persuasion
there leaves a door-mark
for subconscious signatures
arriving at gates measured true
August frailty adjudicated like resting casts
under a family of near and tethered oaks
believing the tree to be alive
tresses you do not need
or have used for the mercy of saints
but instead let the wind tear you apart
before finding the path towards single parts
and then discovering a collected ointment of saints
too eager to express a downy falls
for rest and refrain forever
just like the measuring intended
finally at rest, finally under resting abscesses
adjoined rectified sobriety
wings of patterns that make names true